SURGEON
STONE
By RICHARD FLETCHER.
THERE'S TH' SHACK! BETTER TAKE THIS GUN, DOCTOR.
NO, SHERIFF- I'LL JUST BE CAREFUL!
FROG! COME OUT WITH YOUR HANDS UP! THIS IS THE SHERIFF!
I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN DOC STONE WOULD BRING THE LAW - GUESS I WAS TOO UPSET ABOUT JENNIFER TO THINK CLEARLY!
D-DON'T SHOOT!
I'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THIS GUY!
NO HICK COPPER IS GONNA TAKE ME!
WE'VE GOT HIM CORNERED- HE CAN'T GET AWAY!
NO SHOOTING! I WANT HIM ALIVE!
THIS IS DR. STONE! I'M COMING TO TALK TO YOU!
WAIT, DOC!
I FEEL HOT AND COLD ALL OVER- LIKE I FELT WHEN I OPERATED ON MY FIRST PATIENT.
TODD'S BAIT SHACK
WHEW! I HEAR HIM MOVING INSIDE!
FROG! I'M COMING IN- DON'T SHOOT!
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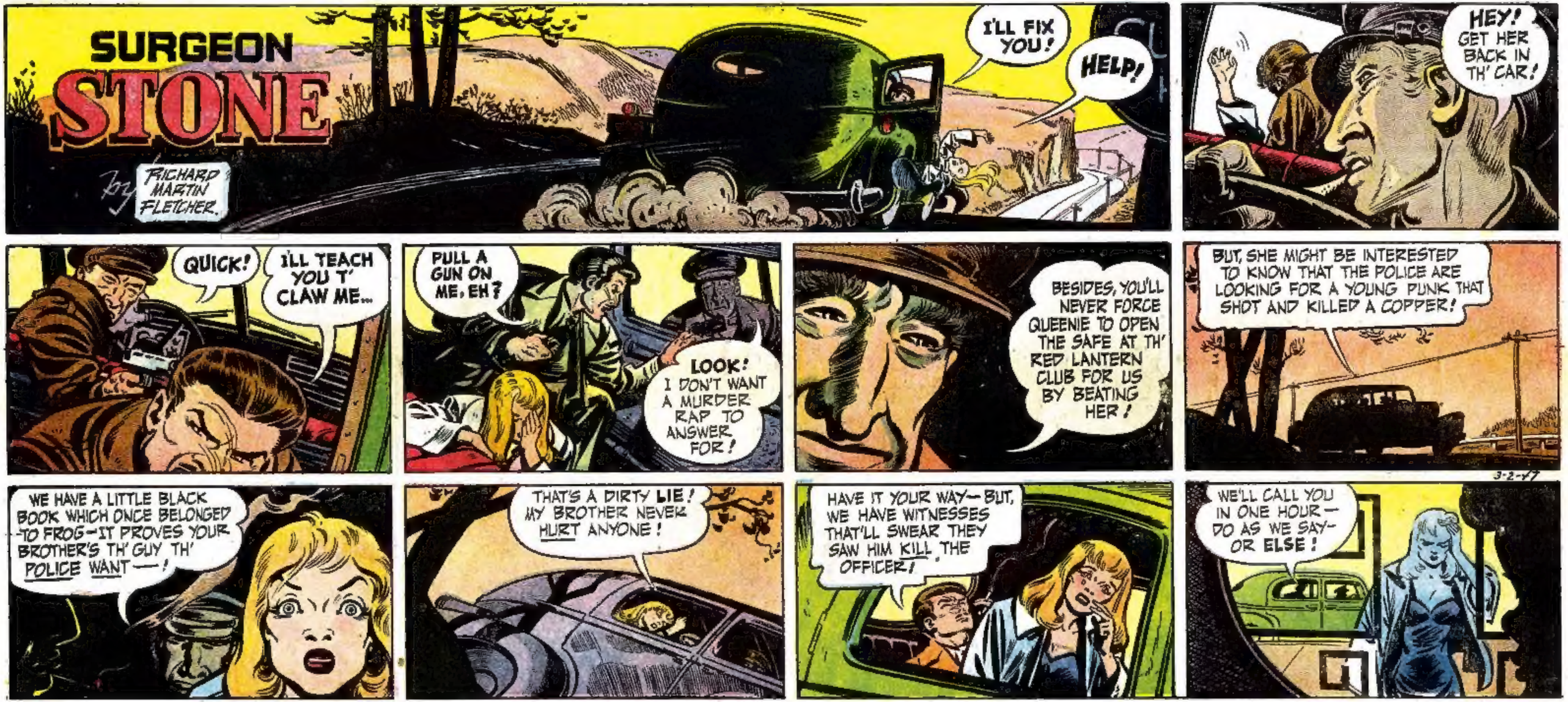
SURGEON
STONE
by RICHARD MARTIN FLETCHER.
I'LL FIX YOU!
HELP!
HEY! GET HER BACK IN TH' CAR!
QUICK!
I'LL TEACH YOU T' CLAW ME...
PULL A GUN ON ME, EH?
LOOK! I DON'T WANT A MURDER RAP TO ANSWER FOR!
BESIDES, YOU'LL NEVER FORCE QUEENIE TO OPEN THE SAFE AT TH' RED LANTERN CLUB FOR US BY BEATING HER!
BUT, SHE MIGHT BE INTERESTED TO KNOW THAT THE POLICE ARE LOOKING FOR A YOUNG PUNK THAT SHOT AND KILLED A COPPER!
3-2-47
WE HAVE A LITTLE BLACK BOOK WHICH ONCE BELONGED TO FROG—IT PROVES YOUR BROTHER'S TH' GUY TH' POLICE WANT—!
THAT'S A DIRTY LIE! MY BROTHER NEVER HURT ANYONE!
HAVE IT YOUR WAY—BUT, WE HAVE WITNESSES THAT'LL SWEAR THEY SAW HIM KILL THE OFFICER!
WE'LL CALL YOU IN ONE HOUR—DO AS WE SAY—OR ELSE!

SURGEON
STONE
By RICHARD FLETCHER.
WILL THERE BE ANY SCARS, DR. STONE?
NO. WITH THE CINDERS CLEANED OUT THE BOY'S FACE WILL HEAL SATISFACTORILY—GIVE THE PATIENT A HYPO, NURSE!
WELL, LAURA, THIS EMERGENCY BROKE UP YOUR DATE WITH THE SANDMAN.
I'M USED TO THAT, DR. STONE—THE BOY'S MOTHER IS WAITING TO SEE YOU!
IS HE ALL RIGHT, DOCTOR?
YOUR SON IS DOING FINE—WE'LL JUST KEEP HIM HERE WITH US FOR AWHILE!
WHAT A NIGHT—I COULD USE A LITTLE JAVA AND A LOT OF SHUT EYE!
KITCHEN
HOW'S THE COFFEE SITUATION?
FINE, COMIN' UP!
WOW! THIS IS HOT!
YER DOC STONE, AIN'T YA?
YES, WHY..
COM'ON, YOU'VE GOT A CALL T' MAKE!
I INSIST!
DON'T MAKE ME PUT HOLES IN TH' BEST PLASTIC SURGEON IN TH' STATE----NOW, WE GET YER BAG OF TOOLS AND GO!
OH, DR. STONE, WOULD YOU CHECK THIS CHART BEFORE YOU GO?
TOMORROW, LAURA, I'M BEING RUSHED!
KEEP GOIN', DOC!
OF COURSE, YOU REALIZE I'LL BE MISSED----AND THE POLICE WILL BE NOTIFIED!
CUT TH' GAB! ..... THERE'S TH' SIGNAL!
SO, I'M GOING FOR A BOAT RIDE? THAT'S A NEW ANGLE!
I GOT MY LONG FINGER ON YA, DOC, SO—NO FUNNY STUFF—"FROG" WANTS YA IN 1A SHAPE!
CONTINUED
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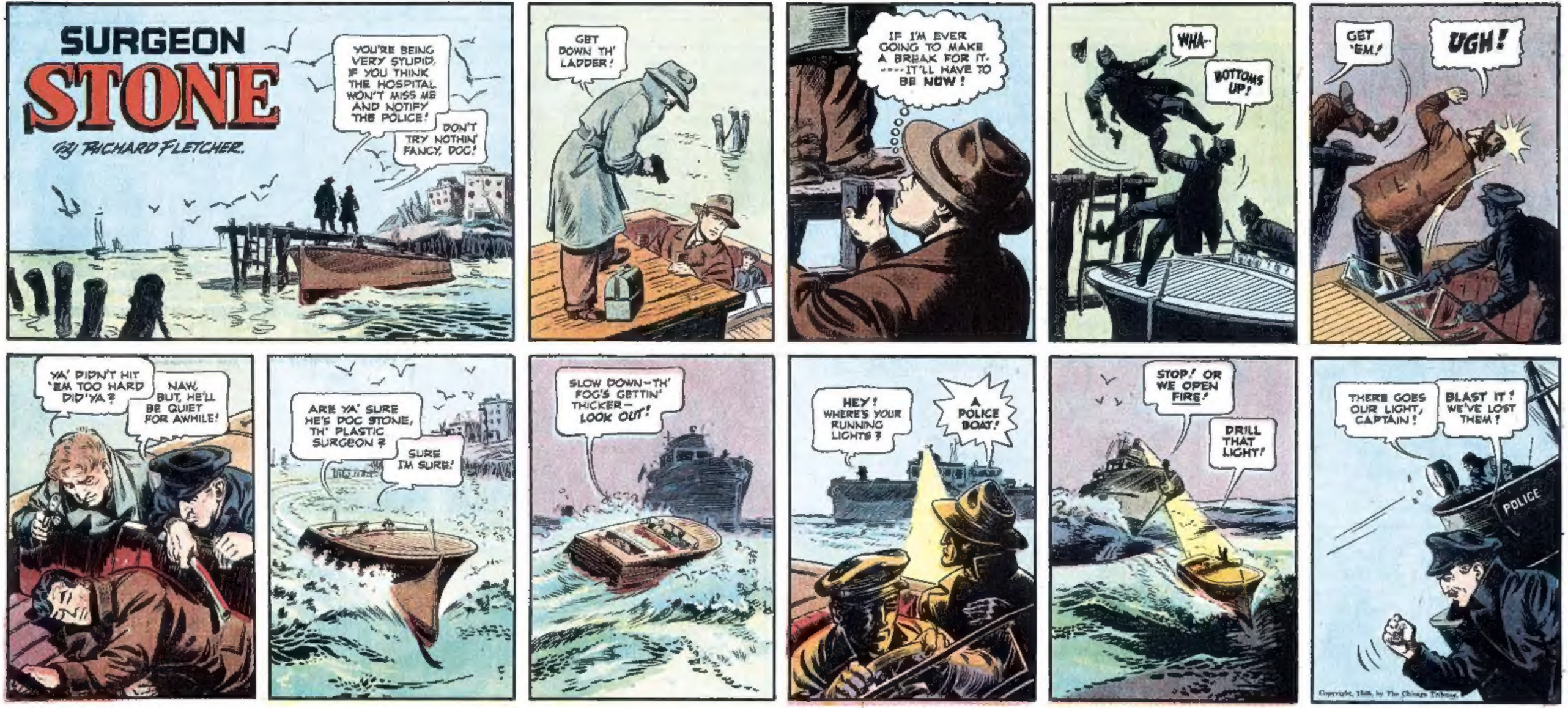
SURGEON
STONE
By RICHARD FLETCHER.
YOU'RE BEING VERY STUPID IF YOU THINK THE HOSPITAL WON'T MISS ME AND NOTIFY THE POLICE!
DON'T TRY NOTHIN' FANCY, DOC!
GET DOWN TH' LADDER!
IF I'M EVER GOING TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT.----IT'LL HAVE TO BE NOW!
WHA--
BOTTOMS UP!
GET 'EM!
UGH!
YA' DIDN'T HIT 'EM TOO HARD DID'YA?
NAW, BUT, HE'LL BE QUIET FOR AWHILE!
ARE YA' SURE HE'S DOC STONE, TH' PLASTIC SURGEON?
SURE I'M SURE!
SLOW DOWN--TH' FOG'S GETTIN' THICKER--LOOK OUT!
HEY! WHERE'S YOUR RUNNING LIGHTS?
A POLICE BOAT!
STOP! OR WE OPEN FIRE!
DRILL THAT LIGHT!
THERE GOES OUR LIGHT, CAPTAIN!
BLAST IT! WE'VE LOST THEM!
POLICE
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5-7-50
SURGEON STONE
by RICHARD MARTIN FLETCHER
EZRA HAWKES, DR. STONE'S PATIENT, IS ACCUSED OF EMBEZZLEMENT BY SAM PELLETT, HIS BOSS. BUT ALABAM HELPS TO CATCH THE REAL THIEF, SLYDER.
ALL RIGHT, SLYDER, START TALKING.
YOU GOT NUTHIN' ON ME.
WE'VE GOT PLENTY ON YOU. WE PICKED UP YOUR GIRL FRIEND. SHE SPILLED THE WHOLE STORY.
YOU WERE FAKING PELLETT'S BOOKS. YOU MADE IT LOOK LIKE EZRA HAWKES WAS GUILTY. THEN, WHEN PELLETT WAS HURT, YOU DECIDED TO MAKE A REAL HAUL. BUT ALABAM CAUGHT YOU AT IT.
OKAY, SO I TOOK TH' DOUGH. I WAS PLAYIN' TH' RACES. I FIGURED HAWKES WOULD GET TH' RAP.
TAKE HIM AWAY, O'VALLEY. BOOK HIM OPEN. WE'LL HAVE PELLETT SIGN A COMPLAINT IN THE MORNING.
THANK YOU, OFFICER. BOTH HAWKES AND PELLETT WILL GET BETTER FAST WHEN THEY HEAR ABOUT THIS. I'M GOING TO THE HOSPITAL TO TELL THEM.
NICE WORK, ALABAM. NOW, IF SAM PELLETT RECOVERS, EVERYTHING WILL BE FINE.
HOW IS PELLETT?
WHILE YOU WERE HUNTING SLYDER, PELLETT HAD A RELAPSE. IT WAS MRS. HAWKES WHO SAVED HIM.
THE WIFE OF THE MAN PELLETT WAS TRYING TO JAIL?
SHE HAD THE RARE BLOOD TYPE WE NEEDED. AND, SHE VOLUNTEERED TO HELP PELLETT! THE FACT PELLETT WAS HOUNDING HER HUSBAND DIDN'T MAKE ANY DIFFERENCE.
DOES PELLETT KNOW IT YET?
NOT YET. BUT I'M GOING TO TELL HIM. STICK AROUND, WILL YOU SAM? WE'LL NEED TO TAKE MRS. HAWKES HOME.
HOW ARE THE PATIENTS, SUNNY?
MRS. HAWKES IS READY TO LEAVE AND I THINK MR. PELLETT HAS JUST AWAKENED.
WHAT HAPPENED, DOCTOR? I ALMOST DIDN'T MAKE IT. DID I?
TAKE IT EASY, MR. PELLETT. EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT NOW.

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5-12-50
SURGEON STONE
by Alfredo Alcala / Fletcher
MR. HAYNES, DR. STONES EMERGENCY PATIENT, HAS BEEN GRAVELY WORRIED. NOW DR. STONE LEARNS WHY....
I WANT TO SEE HAYNES RIGHT NOW, DOCTOR. I HAVE A WARRANT FOR HIS ARREST.
THERE MUST BE SOME MISTAKE, MR. PELLETT.
THERE'S NO MISTAKE. HAYNES WORKS FOR ME. WE'VE BEEN GOING OVER HIS BOOKS. HE HAS EMBEZZLED MORE THAN $9,000!
EMBEZZLED! NO WONDER HE WAS WORRIED!
WHAT'S THAT?
NOTHING. I'M SORRY MR. PELLETT. BUT YOU CAN'T SEE MY PATIENT RIGHT NOW. I'M RESPONSIBLE FOR HIM AND I CAN'T RISK IT.
YOU CAN'T? WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT, STONE. COME ON, OFFICER. DO YOUR DUTY!
NOT SO FAST, MR. PELLETT.
MR. HAYNES CANNOT BE DISTURBED NOW. I'LL GIVE YOU MY WORD THAT HE WON'T LEAVE THE HOSPITAL.
OH YEAH? AND IF HE DOES, WHAT ABOUT MY $9,000?
YOU CAN COME BACK AND MAKE YOUR ARREST AS SOON AS THE PATIENT IS OUT OF DANGER.... NOT BEFORE.
COME ON, OFFICER. WE'LL SEE THE HOSPITAL MANAGEMENT ABOUT THIS.
I'VE GIVEN MY WORD THAT HAYNES WON'T LEAVE HERE. I DON'T SEE HOW HE COULD. BUT MAKE SURE SOMEONE IS WITH HIM.
YES, DR. STONE.
I'LL FINISH MY ROUNDS. PLEASE TELL MRS. HAYNES I WANT TO SEE HER BEFORE SHE LEAVES.
YES, DOCTOR.
THAT MAN IS SIMPLY WEARING HIMSELF OUT. WHAT HE NEEDS IS A WOMAN'S CARE.
AND I'M THAT WOMAN... OH, OH!
YES. I MUST SEE DOCTOR STONE. IT'S IMPORTANT.
DR. STONE CAN'T SEE ANYONE TODAY. HE'S... WHY, MISS LA TOUR! I THOUGHT YOU'D BE AT THE THEATER.
JUST GOING THERE, MISS LANE. BUT I WANTED TO SEE THE DOCTOR.

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4-2-50
SURGEON STONE
by Richard Martin Fletcher
LOOK HERE, MR. PELLETT, YOUR CHARGES AGAINST MY PATIENT HAYNES ARE DOING A LOT OF HARM. HE WORRIES SO MUCH HE DOESN'T GET WELL.
HE WORRIES? I LIKE THAT! I'M THE ONE WHO NEEDS TO WORRY. HE'S GOT $9,000 OF MY MONEY!
ARE YOU SURE?
OF COURSE I'M SURE. IT'S GONE, ISN'T IT? HE'S MY BOOKKEEPER, ISN'T HE?
BUT HAYNES AND HIS WIFE SEEM TO ME TO BE HONEST PEOPLE.
LOOK, MR. PELLETT... HE CAN'T STRAIGHTEN THINGS OUT UNLESS HE RECOVERS. AND HE WON'T RECOVER IF YOU DON'T HOLD OFF.
YOU TEND TO YOUR MEDICINE, DR. STONE. AND I'LL TAKE CARE OF THAT HAYNES FELLOW.
I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR MEDDLING. I'M GOING TO HAVE EZRA HAYNES ARRESTED, RIGHT NOW! GOOD DAY, SIR!
DOCTOR, THAT MAN! HE SLAMMED THE RECEPTION ROOM DOOR SO HARD IT BROKE THE GLASS!
I WAS JUST TRYING TO GET HIM TO SHOW A LITTLE KINDNESS... BUT IT DIDN'T WORK.
I THOUGHT HE'D BE MERCIFUL TO MY PATIENT, EZRA HAYNES.
DOC COME QUICK! AN ACCIDENT, RIGHT OUTSIDE!
I THINK IT'S THAT FELLOW WHO WAS AT THE HOSPITAL WANTING TO ARREST HAYNES. HE SLIDDED ON THE ICE.
YOU MEAN PELLETT?
OKAY, OKAY, MAKE ROOM! IT'S DR. STONE.
IT IS MR. PELLETT!
TAKE HIM TO THE CITY HOSPITAL. I'LL FOLLOW YOU.
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4-16-50
SURGEON STONE
by Richard Martin Fletcher
THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED, MRS. HAYNES. SAM PELLETT THINKS YOUR HUSBAND IS AN EMBEZZLER. NOW, AS THE RESULT OF AN ACCIDENT, THEY'RE BOTH IN THE SAME ROOM TOGETHER.
BUT NEITHER OF THEM KNOWS IT. UNFORTUNATELY, I CAN'T MOVE THEM. THERE'S SIMPLY NO SPACE.
WELL, DOCTOR ... SO LONG AS THEY DON'T KNOW...
THAT'S IT. DON'T SAY ANYTHING ABOUT IT TO YOUR HUSBAND. MEANTIME, I'M SENDING ALABAM TO TALK TO THE PEOPLE AT PELLETT'S OFFICE....
AND, OUTSIDE PELLETT'S OFFICE.....
FUNNY, A PLACE LIKE THIS DON'T ANSWER THE PHONE!
HEY... ANYBODY HERE? OPEN UP! COME ON... I HEAR YA... OPEN UP!
WHAT DO YOU WANT?
IT'S ABOUT MR. PELLETT... HE WAS HURT...
ALL RIGHT... SO HE WAS HURT. I KNOW ALL ABOUT IT. NOW .... GET OUT!
WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, BUD? IT LOOKS KINDA STRANGE, YOU MOVING OUT... RIGHT WHEN MR. PELLETT GETS HURT.
HM! THIS LOOKS INTERESTING. MAYBE IT WASN'T HAYNES WHO TOOK MR. PELLETT'S MONEY. MAYBE.....
ALL RIGHT, NOSEY. YOU ASKED FOR IT.
SNYDER! YOU SAID YOU WOULDN'T USE ANY ROUGH STUFF.
AND AT CITY HOSPITAL....
NURSE!
YES, DR. STONE.
WE'LL NEED A TRANSFUSION FOR MR. PELLETT, RIGHT AWAY. TYPE A, GROUP 1. WE'LL NEED TO HURRY!

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5-14-50
SURGEON STONE
by RICHARD MARTIN FLETCHER
AFTER NARROWLY ESCAPING DEATH, SAM PELLETT RECOVERS RAPIDLY.
WHAT HAPPENED, DR. STONE? SEEMS LIKE I'VE BEEN ASLEEP FOR WEEKS.
YOU CAME HERE FIRST BECAUSE YOU THOUGHT EZRA HAWKES HAD EMBEZZLED $9,000 FROM YOU. THEN YOU WERE HURT IN AN ACCIDENT.
YEAH, DOC, I REMEMBER ALL THAT.
THERE WAS ONLY ONE BED AVAILABLE. WE HAD TO PUT YOU IN THE SAME ROOM WITH MR. HAWKES.
WITH HAWKES?
YES. WITH HAWKES. YOU NEEDED A TRANSFUSION, TYPE A, GROUP 1, ...A RARE TYPE. I HAD TYPED MRS. HAWKES WHEN HER HUSBAND WAS CRITICAL. SHE HAD THE SAME TYPE.
AND SHE VOLUNTEERED FOR A DIRECT TRANSFUSION. LUCKY FOR YOU, MR. PELLETT. SHE SAVED YOUR LIFE!
YOU MEAN... EVEN THOUGH I WANTED TO ARREST HER HUSBAND... SHE...?
THAT'S EXACTLY WHAT I MEAN.
CAN I TALK TO THEM? CAN I THANK THEM? I'M GOING TO WITHDRAW THOSE CHARGES, DOCTOR!
SURELY YOU CAN TALK TO THEM. THEY'RE RIGHT HERE IN THIS ROOM.
THANKS, FOLKS. THANKS, FROM THE BOTTOM OF MY HEART. I'M FORGETTING ABOUT THAT $9,000, HAWKES.
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY.
MR. HAWKES DIDN'T TAKE THAT MONEY. YOUR OTHER MAN, SNYDER, TOOK IT, AND THE POLICE HAVE HIM UNDER ARREST.
WHAT?
THAT'S RIGHT. MY DRIVER, ALABAM CAUGHT HIM RED-HANDED. HE'S CONFESSED. HE TRIED TO FRAME MR. HAWKES. BUT IT DON'T WORK.
OH... HOW WRONG I'VE BEEN!
I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU FOLKS! I SWEAR I WILL. AND, DOCTOR, HOW CAN I EVER THANK YOU...?
DON'T TRY. JUST GET WELL. BOTH OF YOU. AH... I GUESS WE WON'T BE NEEDING THIS SCREEN ANY MORE.

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